

# LETTER

## INTERCEPTED,

FROM THE

Popish-Printer in Fetter-Lane,

TO

His Friend Heraclitus.

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*My Dear, Dear, Dear, R.*

**M**Y Pangs thicken so fast upon me, that although I have Midwiv'd my self of many little Shams, it's my fear I shall cry out for Madam Celler at last: but alas! She's incastrate, and St. Bridget knows when we shall have the benefit of her skill.

Well! I was still afraid I should burst with *Ignoramus's*, and this last Bout in the *Baily* has giv'n me so strong a Fit, that I must beg the use of your Beads for me. *Certes*, that Heretick *Care* has Influenc'd them. But how unhappy are we! all the Jurors Coats are Drabdeberry, and Impenitrable; so close that we cannot pick one hole in 'um.

And the misfortune is, that we are like to lose our poor Friend *Whip-Cat*, for since the good Wives Pusses have forsaken his House, a new Plague is come to him; the Rats and Mice have gathered on him in such Legions, that they have devour'd the whole Stock of *Parmifant* he bought in *Holland*: so that 'tis fear'd he must take another Voyage to new store himself; or put Madam *Jeanna* to the charge of getting him a Pot of *Extreme-Uction*, as she did for *Capricorn*.

And the unlucky Whigs have enlarged their Dominions into the very Bowels of the Church, so that scarce a Divine of Sence or Honesty in the Church of *England*, but is as Incredulous of a Protestant Plot, as themselves.

Our Evidence too are so bemir'd, and stuck in the Bog, that the very Boys hiss'd 'um, and they had been certainly thrown into *Fleet-Ditch*, had not the Proverb sav'd 'um, which says, He that's born to be Hang'd shall never Drown.

*Booth* they say's in *Pimlico*, and for fear of Martial Discipline, is gone to his Colours in the *King-Bench*; though 'tis thought his Name was never on the Captains List.

*Narrative* drew his Sword, and swore, Damm him, to the Rabble; upon which occasion, an unlucky Baggage brought me this Epigram by the Penny-Post.

On *Narrative's* Drawing his Sword.

*Your Popish-Priests are Sons of War,  
Soldiers of Fortune Jesuits are;  
Justice Rewards 'um with a Rope, or Hatchet;  
But the Pope gives 'um Heav'n, if they can catch it.*

Oh

115 | Oh! the intolerable Charge we have been at to bury this Curfed Plot, for  
Maffes, Pardons, Evidences and Perjuries! And still it ftinks fo damnably, that  
it nauficates every Paffenger. Curle on all *Romifh*-Bulls! I thought their Horns  
had been ftrong enough to have tofs'd all Proteftant Princes out of their Thrones  
before now: but *va nobis*! the Hereticks ftand their ground: and here's the  
Plague, the *Englifh* Gentry can't be prevail'd upon to truck away their Title to  
the Abby-Lands on fo flender a security as the Popes Broad-Seal. Well, Bro-  
ther, What fhall we do? we have had fo many *Con-ftults* already, that its cer-  
tainly in vain to call another: and for thofe Consecrated Heads that are in *New-*  
*gate*, though when they were out they defign'd to give Laws to Kingdoms, yet  
now we fee they are like Witches in Cufody, their power forfakes them.

But the great Plague of all is, our own Party begin to laugh at our Artifices,  
and more then that, fome of 'um clapt at the Hieroglyphicks wherein the Pren-  
tices expofed us on Queen *Befles* Night: and have not ftuck to fay, We were no  
better than fo many Apes, Baboons, and Mimmicks.

And it vexes me confoundedly to think how I fhall anfwer for all the transpo-  
fing of my Wit and Railery upon *Tap-skin*, &c. with which my Weekly *Libels*  
do fo Crawl, that there's *Littera Scripta* in the Cafe; and I fear the *Salamanca*  
Sermon will be turn'd upon us, and an Epitaph upon the *Tridentine* be Infcrit-  
bed to our Memories.

And is this at laft the Reward we are to meet with after the expence of our  
flender Wits, and Fortunes in the Service of Holy Caufe? Ungratefull World!  
muft we after all our Merits be made *Pendulums* to tell the Rabble what time of  
day 'tis? How glad would we be if we might but commute for the Dicipline of  
having our Nofes grubd againft the Grate, and Skins foundly Claw'd, and curri-  
ed? Alas! there were fome Relief in this, and we might come off, as fome of our Dear  
Sifters do, from the Dancing School behind St. *Brides*, with fore Backs, and bra-  
zen Faces. But Fate alas! has another Game to play with us: This is evident by  
the Omeris that have of late befallen us. For, as for thee, *Heracitus*, thy rifible  
Faculty hath quite left thee, and inftead of laughing, thou doft Grin the moft  
wretchedly, thou doft already look like one of our Fathers that hath been  
ftung up by the Left Ear a day or two in the Sun. And poor *Roger's* Fiddle is  
curfedly out of tune, all the *small Catlings* are broken, nothing but the two big-  
ger ftrings left, that make the lamentable found of *O bone! O bone!*

What think'ft thou can be the meaning of thefe difmall Prodrumes? I fear  
the curs'd prefage of 'um, for already I have fo perfectly received the very form  
of Hanging into my confideration, that fometimes I am feeling in my Pocket  
for a piece of Silver to give *Ketch* at the dead lift. But prethee, if thou art yet  
able to fet Pen to Paper, let me have thy Opinion of the moft effectually means  
(if there be any) to prevent thefe direfull *Cataftrophes*. But anon I intend to  
meet thee at the *Conftult* at the *Wonder*. Vale ♣ Vale ♣ Vale ♣.

♣ TONIE TOMP-N ♣

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F I N I S.

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